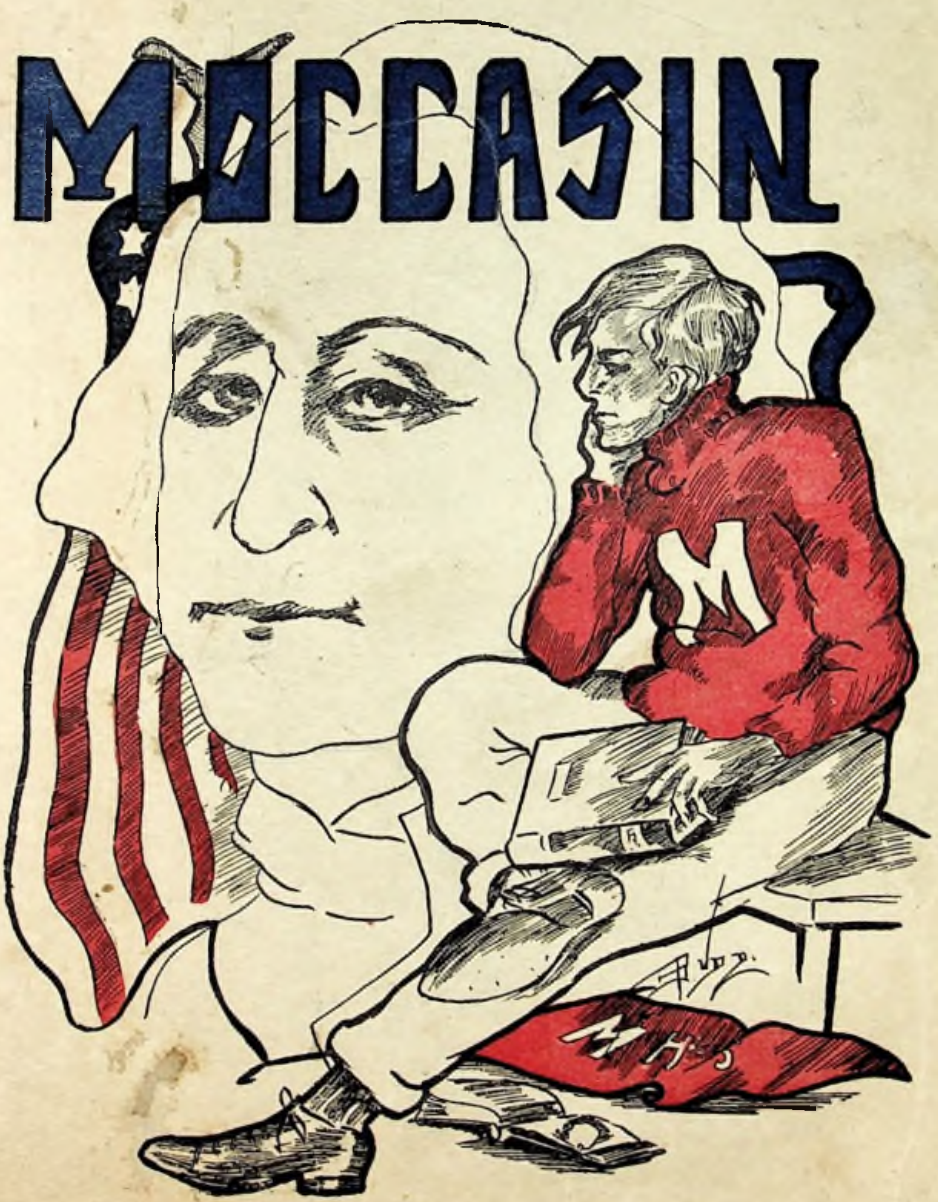
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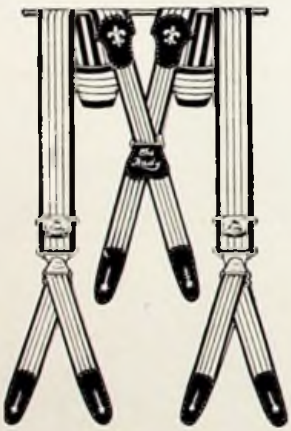
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Her (He)Art.

Marjorie was worried, yea she
was sore perplexed;
She'd tried her hand at music, what
was she to do next ?
Full many a time she'd tried her
mind at science and at books;
And all the art that was her part lay
in her own sweet looks.

And now into her head so wise
there came a solemn thought;
And not for all of this world's gold
could this one thought be bought,
For Marjorie was certain that for her
noble part,
She'd give to galleries ancient some
of her own great art.

But then there came in Marjorie's
life a Being tall and strong;
And toward her art her wise wise
mind could not be turned for long.
For twixt the her, and twixt the art
this Being took his part;
And Marjorie's whole attention turned,
most strangely, to her (he)art.

A Sketch of Richmond.

By Hazel Hedges, '06.

One of the most interesting cities in a historical way is Richmond, Va. Perhaps the first thing that catches the traveler's eye is the large Capitol building, the first one built in the United States. The outside is the original structure, the inside has been remodeled. Within the building on a stand is the minature building which Thomas Jefferson sent over from England as a model. It is exactly like the Capitol as it now stands. There is also a chair here, which once belonged to Queen Anne, enclosed in a glass case.

Within an iron railing, surrounded by guards, is a statue of George Washington, taken from life—the only one in existence. Horedon, the sculptor, came over to America from Paris to make it. Washington, while encased in the plaster-paris cast, was almost smothered on account of the slipping of the breathing tube. The statue belongs to the state of Virginia. The government wants it placed at Washington, D. C., and has often tried to buy it. Virginia has refused one million, five hundred thousand dollars for it, and says it will take another war before she will give it up.

Another very important building in Richmond is St. John's Church, where Patrick Henry made his great speech and used the famous words "Give me liberty or give me death." The church itself has not been changed much, and the old Henry pew looks as it originally did.

Then too, there is the White House of the Confederacy, which is now used for a museum, and contains a good collection of articles pertaining to the life of Jefferson Davis.

An old dilapidated looking house is pointed out as Washington's headquarters during the Revolution. Robert E. Lee's house during the Civil War also stands here.

Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond's beautiful burial ground, is the resting place of many prominent men. It gets its name from the number of Holly trees that grow in it. Here are the graves of Presidents Monroe and Tyler. Monroe's monument is a beautiful iron structure, but only a magnolia tree marks Tyler's grave. He is the only President whose resting place is not marked by a tombstone.

Near the center of the cemetery is the Jefferson Davis burial ground, marked off in a circle, with walks leading through it. To the east is Libby Hill, but nothing is now left to show where Libby prison once stood.

In what is known as the Capitol Square, stands a monument, on the top of which is a statue of Washington mounted on his horse, and lower down a circle of the famous men of Virginia. There is also a statue of Henry Clay here.

A great deal of beautiful scenery may be seen in and about Richmond, and the James River is navigable as far as the city.

The Power of the Violin.

By Gladys Mengert, '07.

In the department store of Mitchell & Meyers everything was hurry and confusion, as it is in every store at the busiest time of the year. The clerks were hurrying to and fro, customers were clamoring at the popular counters and the God of Work reigned everywhere.

Above the noise a floor walker's voice was heard, "Number fourteen go to the office."

And a slender, plainly clad girl stepped hesitatingly into the office of the senior partner of the firm. He was busy when she entered, and without looking up from his work, bade her take a seat.

As it was very unusual to be summoned to the office, Number fourteen was too nervous to sit down, and so she stood just inside the door until Mr. Mitchell turned around.

"Your name is Miss Bertha Clyde, is it not?" he said. She quietly affirmed, and he continued "I am sorry to tell you Miss Clyde, but we will need your services no longer. I believe it is not necessary to explain the reason to you." He stopped, and the girl's face which had turned paler while he spoke, now flushed angrily.

"I suppose" she retorted "you refer to my impertinence to Mrs. Goodwin yesterday, do you not?" He nodded, and she continued "You cannot realize how insolent she is, Mr. Mitchell. She has chosen me for her especial clerk and always inquires for me if I am not in sight. Then if I don't show her what she wants she scolds and rails at me until I lose my temper."

"I understand," Mr. Mitchell answered, "and you are not the first clerk who has lost her position on account of Mrs. Goodwin. But as you know she is a liberal patron and it behooves us to try to please her. She just left the office and said that if we did not employ more civil clerks she would go elsewhere. If you

come to the desk before you leave this evening you will receive your check." He turned to his desk again and Number fourteen silently left the office.

Bertha and her mother had planned to attend a concert that evening, and although she was discouraged and down-hearted Bertha did not wish to deprive her mother of the pleasure, and without mentioning her dismissal from the store, arrayed herself in her best and went.

Their seats were well towards the center of the auditorium, and a few moments after they had entered Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell came in and occupied seats in front of Bertha and her mother. He turned and spoke to Bertha when he sat down. Then the curtain rose and the entertainment began.

It consisted of alternate singing and playing, each number seeming to be better than the last.

The last number of the program was a violin solo by a German student, who had won wide renown by his success in former concerts, and now, filled with encouragement, his whole heart in his work, he started to play. The music was so quiet and sweet that it seemed to bring a picture before one's eyes of the sun passing slowly behind the woods, tinting everything with its farewell glow, and the stars coming out one by one. One could almost hear a cow bell far across the meadows. Everything was peace.

When the selection was finished not a sound could be heard in the room, and when the lights were in full glare again tears could be seen in many eyes.

"Miss Clyde,"—someone was calling her and Bertha turned slowly—"I have changed my mind. Please report at the desk in the morning. We will see about Mrs. Goodwin later."



The Swallow Song

Translated from the Greek by N. Estelle Umbarger, '06.

This is a Rhodian mendicant song sung on the arrival of Spring. A similar lay of the swallow is still sung among the modern Greeks at the same time.

Come; swallow come,
Bring us bountiful years,
And also happy times,
That shall be free from tears.

White is thy breast,
Though black are thy wings,
The swallow is known,
For the good times it brings.

From the rich house
Bring forth the goblet of wine,
The basket of cheeses,
Or the plumcake so fine.

Bring out a wheaten loaf,
And also the brown bread,
Even with humble food
The swallow must be fed.

Shall we go or stay?
If you give us food, alright,
But if you do not,
We again will show our might.

We will take off the door,
Or the lintel which is above,
Or the wife within,
Whom we know you love.

She is very small,
She is easy to carry away,
But if you bring food
We will let her stay.

Open, open the door,
For the swallow is here again,
And treat us kindly
We are children, not old men.

A Sacrifice

By Francis Carroll, '06.

They were two Senior girls. Katherine was pretty, bright and popular. Poor Florence's only beauty was her hair and eyes. The first was of the highest rank in society. The other came from the "flats," as that grade of society was named. But what Florence lacked in beauty was made up for her in a character which had a determination to succeed. No one seemed to understand her, except her dearest friend, and when she went away to school Florence was left practically among strangers.

We said no one understood her. There was one, and that was Kate Landon. It was Kate who gave her sunny smiles when going to class. It was Kate who wrote her cheery notes, and it was no wonder that Florence grew to love her.

As time passed Florence steadily advanced in her classes until she stood at the head in everything, but she was especially brilliant in literature.

Mr. Landon, Kate's father, was a great literary man, and, interested by Kate's account of Florence's ability, he went to her teacher in English, and asked for some of her essays. His request was granted. As he read and perceived the nobility and strength of the girl's character, and as he recognized the beauty and richness of her language, a resolution grew in his heart.

He questioned Kate about her life, and she told the following story. When she was ten years old her mother died, leaving her sister and herself motherless. Her aged grandmother took them in and tried to fill the mother's place.

Their father married again and they went to live with him. A year afterward he died, and again their old grandmother took them in. Ever since then she had clothed them and sent them to school, and now the highest aim of Florence's life was to go to college, but that was an impossibility.

It was a beautiful day in the month of May, and all the world seemed glad. But there was no joy in Florence's heart as she trod the old familiar way to school, for it was nearing the end of her Senior year, and as each day brought commencement nearer, the more Florence despaired of ever going to college.

When she reached the High School she was called to the office, and what was her astonishment to see Mr. Landon the sole occupant of the room. He rose to meet her and said:

"Kate has told me of your desire to go to college. You are Kate's friend and it would be a great pleasure to go with her to school, would it not?"

Florence nodded assent.

"I have this commencement gift for you. You are to go to college with Kate, share her opportunities, and regard me as your father. I am proud of my daughter Kate, but I would be more proud of two daughters. When you finish your education you may pay me back if you choose."

Poor Florence could answer nothing. O, How she would love to go to college and especially with Kate! She thought of her future life, how it would be enriched by those four years of college life. And if she did not go she would soon be separated from Kate forever. On the other hand, who had taken care of her when she had had no one to turn to? Who had toiled to put her through school? Who had been patient with her every whim and caprice? Her grandmother. Could she leave her to struggle on for four years more, alone?

Mr. Landon watched her, and saw her lips press together more tightly, and the light of a noble resolve in her eyes as she said: "Mr. Landon, I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your offer, and I thank you with my whole heart. But my duty is here with my grandmother and sister, and I cannot go as long as I am needed here. I am very sorry I must stay." She gave him her hand at parting and went to her classes with a noble light in her eyes for having made this sacrifice.

Their Friend's Letters

Wherein it has been endeavored to show what sensible, true girls expect from the companionship of boys; and how worthless are some of the modern girl's most serious thoughts.

LETTER NO. III.

From the friend to the boy of about eighteen, who often mingles with girls of about his own age.

DEAR BOB:—So you are launched into the mad whirl of society and you say that you don't know exactly how to carry yourself before the girls, they are so different from boys. Why, Bob boy, act your own true, manly self. One reason why girls enjoy your companionship is that they want to know boys' ways and appreciate boys' sympathy.

Don't, please don't think that the only way to talk to a girl is to say something funny or cute, and that if what you say isn't witty that you must laugh anyway just to amuse her. You boys say things to girls, such silly things that you would never dream of saying to a boy friend. Not that she would want you to talk on the Panama canal, or the last bill passed in Congress, but still, Bob, she is not a baby to be amused with a rattle, at least she isn't if she is the right sort.

And don't mark a girl as a hopeless flirt if she happens to give you a smile. Don't think she is picking you out as a matrimonial prize if she shows you more attention than some of the others, its probably just because you are the lesser of two evils.

But, Bob, there is something in the manner with which some of you boys treat girls; something that one can't explain, and is entirely wrong. You may be brilliant, you may be athletic, you may even be "debonair" and "sporty," but if that something, which might be termed respect, is lacking, a girl knows it and it counts against all the rest. It sounds mighty bad for a girl to

knock another girl, but it is a lot worse for a boy to say anything verging on the disrespectful about a girl, no matter what sort she may be.

Not that you ought to bow down before her, you are utterly hopeless when you allow girls to run you, but treat her as a friend whom you respect. The sort of a boy that girls like is the one that boys like, not a "good fellow," but the kind who has the qualities that decent fellows admire. And a girl isn't the right sort unless she is truly liked and admired by the other girls.

When you are with a girl be interesting and not silly, be sincere and not flattering. Treat every girl with respect, even if you do not like her, and girls will give you a longer mark in their favor than they will your jaunty, sporty friend. Does this sound like preaching? If it does please forgive me for I mean to be truly

YOUR FRIEND.

LETTER NO. IV.

From the friend of the frivolous girl who is distressed as to what noble work she ought to perform.

DEAR SALLIE:—My last letter didn't just exactly suit you did it Sallie dear, but down deep in your heart didn't you truly feel that what I said was true? Down deep in your heart dear girl; I am afraid you stop very seldom to consider that feeling, do you?

There is a party this week and a dance the next, which would be perfectly proper if the party or the dance occupied just the hours stated on the invitation, and no more. But they don't Sallie, now do they? As soon as the invitation comes you wonder what you will wear. You think of it most of the time, and devote the rest of the time to talking about it. You ask all your friends whether to wear a pink or a green dress, and end it in wearing a blue one.

I am afraid this will make you angry Sallie, but it is so foolish and so true. You think you think some very beautiful thoughts sometime, about what noble sacrifices you ought to make, and then forget to mend a waist you tore. You tell your friend how boundless is your love for her and go skating when she is ill. Its the good though little actions that make it possible for you to do a noble deed when a crisis comes, if it ever does, but if it never does

come these same little actions will combine in the end to make a truly glorious whole. Don't worry too much how limitless is your love for your friend, love too closely analyzed becomes cheap. Don't think too often how great a place you have to fill in this world, but forget yourself sometimes in the interests of others.

You girls are getting so accustomed to being granted your every wish that you feel slighted if everything does not come just your way. You even feel that you deserve to get a good long fit of blues, and oh how delightful these blues are. In a soft davenport how good it is to stop and reflect on the woes of this world. What is the use of living anyway, no one really cares for you. A little lump rises in your throat that is truly very gratifying. Your future is so unpromising and a delightfully bitter tear drops mournfully on your hand. Your hair insists on being a dusty brown instead of a golden yellow, and Fate has solemnly decreed that you should be actually fat. A truly painful thumping arises in your head. And all this "sweet" sorrow because that little plant in you called my own self has been nourished into a tree.

Dear girl, you are all right as long as you are unselfish in the real meaning of the word, and do conscientiously the little tiresome duties that are really the hardest of all to make yourself do. To me it seems that the noblest girl is that dear girl who sometimes sacrifices her own pleasures, however small they may be, for those of others. Who bears those little vexing trials without being selfish enough to be blue, and thus unconsciously grows to perfect womanhood.

TRULY YOUR FRIEND.



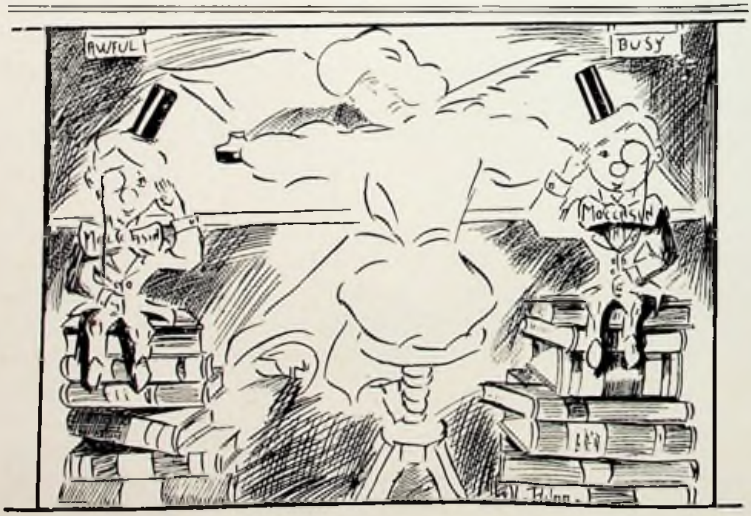
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Editorials

TWO FACTS.—What is the matter with you people? Do you realize that you have a paper called the MOCCASIN, published five times a year, which you have to support? You probably think it is unlimited joy for the struggling staff to work their heads off to give you a paper which half of you read over your friend's shoulder. These are two ghastly, glaring facts which must be contended with; just half of you people subscribe; and on the day set for stories to be in we did not have a single contribution. Help!

THE FUNCTION OF A SCHOOL PAPER.—Please stop just a moment and consider why you have a paper at all, why do you? You support athletics, you who are interested in it. Why don't you, who are interested in literature, support the only literary feature of our school? A school paper has many missions. It ought to bring all of us into harmony with each other, for it is the only feature in the school in which we all may take a part. Everyone ought to be interested in the paper and thus become interested in each other and in each other's work. It surely ought to create a literary spirit; for what else was it originally intended? A school is an educational institution, not a training field with only Spartan intentions. Surely the literary feature, namely the school paper, ought to show best of all the real progress of the school, since it is allied more closely than any other department to the real intention and purpose of a school. But it surely seems that all that most of you are interested in is that your name should appear in the grind column. But is that what the paper is for, merely to puff up a little more the vanity of some of the students,

which is already nearly bursting? Ought it not to reflect the life of the school and the thoughts of the students? Out of a school of four hundred there are surely more than a few with literary talents, and the school paper is the best means of developing these talents. It costs almost four hundred dollars to publish this paper for one year, and it doesn't seem to do you four hundred cent's worth of good. Use this paper as a means toward an end, and that end should be, to some of you at least, literary power and influence.

OUR SOCIAL SPIRIT.—The social spirit in our school is at present astonishingly weak. Very few of us know our own classmates, with the exception of those in our own particular set, not to mention knowing any of the students of other classes. This is really deplorable, for most of us shall enter a life after leaving this school where our list of acquaintances will be very limited, and now is our chance to make friends and to become interested in a common cause. In the good old days before we took on our "wings" we knew each other and were concerned with each other's interests and pleasures, thus strengthening our loyalty to the old school. Class affairs are unknown; no interest whatever is shown in class meetings. As time has gone on and the building has enlarged, we seem to have grown apart. Why can't we "hang together?"

OUR DEPARTED.—Just as we were getting to know our literature teacher, she took wings and fled. Not that anyone could blame her, but we surely do regret that she has gone. The Manual Training High School of Brooklyn, N. Y., is to be congratulated in obtaining such an efficient teacher as Miss Hackedorn. Time has rolled on and another teacher has gone. Mansfield High does not seem the same to us without Miss Hughes. Especially do we Seniors feel her loss, who have known her since the days when even we were Freshmen. Miss Hughes has accepted the responsible position as assistant chemistry teacher at Mt. Holyoke, one of the most famous colleges for women in America.

THE JUNIOR RECEPTION.—Juniors! Base fear is creeping into our hearts. You surely intend to give us a reception, but when, where, how? Be sure you follow our example and ap-

point not less than thirty committees. Some of these may be useless, but nevertheless, it is very important to have every one in the class on some committee.

GOIN' AWAY.—Didn't the good old house party here at school on the Friday before Christmas make one's heart feel good and one's blood run fast and warm? Not less than twenty of those who were once one of us were back at the old school again, and it seemed like good old times. But in all this good feeling there was just a twinge of sadness that all of us Seniors felt, although we wouldn't for the life of us acknowledge it, even to our own selves. For this was our very last Christmas at the school where for four Christmases we have felt this good old brotherly feeling. Next year many of us will probably come back to visit the school which we openly scorn and secretly love, but it will not be with just the same feeling we had when we were a real part of it. And although we may proudly boast that we are glad to get away from it, yet 'way down underneath it all we are just a bit sad that soon we too shall be "goin' away."





A NOTES.

As if your breathing would impress the world.—B. Ford.

Evidently Miss Simpson has not forgotten how to rub it in.

Isn't Charles McNiece improving though?

—Nina B. to Ruth S.

Warning to M. Platt and F. Stark,
Do not create so much disturbance in literature.

Notice: As soon as Mr. Carpenter begins to create a disturbance report him to the editorial room.

Rubie R. between signals Rosina B.
Oh! no you don't, my dear.

And I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me.—Mildred C.

'Tis no time for mirth or laughter
In the cold gray dawn
Of the morning after. —Percival.

One blue slip of paper,
Now that's really fun.

Two blue slips of paper,
Wasn't that nicely done?

Three blue slips of paper,
No use to be so good.

Four blue slips of paper,
Thought I'd get all I could.

Five blue slips of paper,
Getting along just fine.

Six blue slips of paper,
Now's the time to fear.

Eight blue slips of paper,
Perhaps I shed a tear.

Nine blue slips of paper,
Such a sad, sad tale.

Ten blue slips of paper,
I had 70 now I fail.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

How to Write Letters or Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder by Nina Bingner. Illustrated by H. Jones.

No criticism necessary.—H. M.

Her Masterpiece.—Ruth S.

How to Enjoy High School or History of a Social Committee, by Fred Greisinger. Price $10.

The merits of this book will be appreciated by M. H. S. pupils who have followed its advice.

The Mystery of a Lost Ring, by Martin Jelliff. Half Morocco. List price $21.40. Mailing price $10.

An attractive story of a jeweler's son who accidentally obtained the ring of a dark-haired girl. The recovery of the ring by the girl is humorously portrayed. Mr. Jelliff's best novel.—"MOCCASIN PUB. CO."

Ideal Basket Ball Team, by Warner Bushnell. New Mitchell illustrations. Price $5.00.

A true athletic story; good advice to Basket Ball players.

If Mr. Bushnell's advice is taken M. H. S. may next year compete with Princeton and Harvard.

How to Win a Wife, by Burgess Tanner.

The many readers of Mr. Tanner's "My First Love" and "Our Courting" will be delighted with his new novel. It is a narrative of his own life and gives many humorous descriptions

of his proposal, refusal, and final acceptance. If you haven't secured it, buy it at once.

My Strangest Case, by Kathleen Balliett.

As the title indicates the main character is a girl. Her feelings when she first sees her case and the development of her love until her case wears her Senior pin are vividly shown. The humor in the scenes of Foot-ball games, High School halls and in front of the Institution of Learning cannot be surpassed.

If you see blue smoke and fumes coming from the commercial department in the afternoon, don't worry. It is only Leslie Cahall talking to himself as he writes on his type-writer.

"A miss is as good as her smile."—Nina's motto.

Out of the frying into your face—Pearl's doughnuts.

"Oh deign to cast a look on me
For all I have I'll share with—thee—."
—Charles McNiece to Faye McBride.

A love that never dies.—Kathleen and Nelly Mc.

"Oh I know it all."—Ruby Rodecker (in German class.)

Translation of Miss Soyez' in Latin—
When she saw me coming with the Trojan's arms around me, she was greatly shocked at this marvel.

Grind Editor's Motto:—"Keep your temper, I don't want it."

Brink and Pink were lovers,
And together they always looked cute,
He was as thin as a rail
And she wore a thirty-eight suit.

You may ask a Senior—
Are you prepared?
He will answer
I don't know a thing.
A Freshman's advice
In this case would be
You'd better begin over again.

Athlete—"A dignified bunch of muscles, unable to split wood or sift ashes." (This does not apply to Lloyd Rainey).

Wanted:—To borrow something.—R. Guenther.

Limburger—"A native of Germany, strong enough to do anything." (Is that why Barney likes it?)

Music—"A polite way of disturbing the peace in the neighborhood."—A. Rhodes with his horn.

" 'Twas shortly, when a sunny ray,
Through winter clouds had found its way,
That unawares into my heart
Fair Cupid sent his pointed dart."
—Nina B. (thinking of Walter G.)

Mr. Hall (math.)—"Does any boy in this room take physics?"
Cecelia Shires—"I do."

Though small the amount of grinds may be,
The Freshmen write the most,
And they are the only ones we see
Who do not try to boast.

The Sophmores are such busy folks,
And never shirk their task;
But still they've time for many Jokes,
And so they're always asked.

The Juniors care not for the grinds,
Or anything that's funny;
But we'll make them work their minds,
To see how bee's make honey.

Nothing from nothing makes '06
Who shirk everthing they can;
Their social committee went to sticks
Because of their hunting a man.

PARODY ON THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cloak room,
Not a soul would dare to speak,
The scholars, they were busy
And the teachers voice was weak.

'Tis a fearful thing, in school-days,
To come at half past eight,
And hear the words, oft repeated,
"Hurry, you'll be late."

So we hurried there in silence;
Each busy, but in vain,
"You are late," the teacher shouted,
As the signal sounded plain.

Then a little Freshie whispered
As we quickly passed him by,
"We are late, Oh hurry, hurry!"
And he began to cry.

Then we went into the office,
But were greeted with no cheer;
"Now we come a little early,
When the moon is shining clear."

If Loeb & Foust sell calico for six cents a yard, how long will it be until Bennie gets a hair-cut?

If it takes nine yards of cloth to make a shirt-waist for Helen Halter, how long will it take a fellow to get his arm around it?

The Senior "Big Four"—Hortense Miller, Stella Bowers, Willie Guise and Harry Ackerman.

Ruth Barnes' motto at the sewing club—"As ye sew, so shall ye rip."

All complaints against the Grinds shall be written in full and placed in the waste-basket found in each room, from which the janitor will gather them up at the close of each day. Some like the roasts but don't like to be roasted, some like the grinds but don't like to grind for them. This is not the spirit that will make our paper a success, and for our next issue we ask the help of all. All grinds of wit and wisdom will be acceptable by the Grind Editor.

B. NOTES.

John Todd in chemistry—"A saturated solution is one that is wet."

We are watching with interest the contest between some Juniors and Seniors for the possession of the Wolf.

The "Premier Basket Ball Team" challenges any scrub team in the High School.

Ralph M. is figuring how he can get about 160 acres of government land by the multiplication method.

Mrs. Hughes—"After you evaporate that substance in the leaker, what is left ?"

Edward E.—"The leakes."

Professor Hall he clumb a tree
A little brown insect to see,
The insect gave a shout of glee
And gaily stung him on the knee.
Where at Professor Hall, quoth he
"O G! I C U R A B."

The labor trouble has even entered the confines of M. H. S. The clock in Miss Hughes' room has been striking.

Knock and the world knocks with you
Boost and you boost alone.

—Jacob Brown.

Dora Potter (translating Latin)—Would not these things move the eyes and ears of the people?

Walter Greisinger has found a rare gem in Ruby (H).

We do not for an instant suppose that those type written notes frequently seen on Miss Jones' desk are from the head of the commercial department. Probably her pupils have just been practicing.

Of all the sweetest words of tongue or of pen,
The sweetest of all, I've won Esther Them.

—Jacob Brown.

There have been strenuous exams. this year
Juniors have flunked who ne'er flunked before.

Antoinette Schad—Always Smiling.

One Junior girl wishes to tell the boys that the green in the class colors stands for them, while the gold represents the girls.

Several Junior boys tried to assist the weather in keeping their heads cool for exams.—(Straw hats.)

If Frieda Massa were to give the principal parts of lay, she would no doubt say, lay, laid, Lane.

Miss Feldner in German—Warst du in Deutchland geborn ?
John Stewart—No, at Ontario, Ohio.

Robert S. guards his Ward closely, if she changes division, he also does.

Frank G. has given us the astounding information in German that Laurella looked with her eyes.

A Hobo says—"Would you please give me something to eat ?"

But Robert Burns says—"Haven't you got any eats?"

C. NOTES.

We allers had a lot o' fun,
In Miss Hackadorn's old room,
An' it seems sort er hard to loose her, By Gum,
An' have her leave us so soon.

But we've got another teacher
Who's almost as good,
But we can't have near the fun
That we use ter could.

Here's to Miss Hackadorn,
Long may she live.
Good luck to Miss Hackadorn,
For never a demerit did she give.

Wanted—

Something to keep Miss Jones from giving demerits.

Something to prevent Miss Feldner calling on you when you don't know your lesson.

A quarter for R. Stevens' hair cut.

M. Pickering (in German)—"Du, deiner, dear Dick" (looking at Richard S).

We are the Sophomores—high and gay,
Who have their lessons
Every day (?).

Martha P. is forever having a day dream of a fellow in Galion—Ask her about him.

Why so sorrowful, why so sad?
Why so cheerful, why so glad?
—Clara and Charles.

Better late than never.—Ralph T.

The pupils of Prof. Allen's room are taking up a collection to get Lawrence B's hair cut.
Please leave money at office.

All is not gold that glitters H. T's hair.

She has a great liking for show and bright colors.—Nellie C.

Something doing in the cabbage patch,
The Freshies had a meeting.

Charles Sheriff as he sees 100 for his algebra exam.—"I should have had more than that."

Wanted—Something to stop Miss Snyder's ten minute lectures at beginning of every period.

If you see a big pile of books with a pair of legs coming down Bowman, do not be alarmed. It is only P. Van Cleve.

Tho Freshies in Miss Custer's room have for their motto: "We love our teacher."

You can see spots on the Freshies where the green has worn off.

She knows but can not recite.—J. Lemon.

She hath that everlasting rotation of tongue that an echo must wait until she dies before it can catch her last words.
—Minnie L.

I have much within myself that pleases me.—Larson B,

A new species of ground squirrel.—Grinney Twitchell.

An algebra problem: Cube J and expand.
J_3 J. J. J. Jack J. Jenner.

Miss Jones—Are you thinking of Vasco da Gama?
F. Newlon—I think so.

When the cat is away the mouse will play.—Hubert T.

There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.
B. Cooke and Irene.

Will somebody please be kind enough to put a cake of yeast in Fred Langdon's hat so that it will raise quicker when he speaks to a girl.

Miss Jones—Bennett, in what year was America discovered?
Bennett—Why–a–in 1672 wasn't it?

Will somebody please see that Helen Carpenter's name does not appear in the "Moccasin?"

SOME SOPHOMORE WANTS.

An introduction to Vance Judson.—Jennie McF.

A bottle of perfume.—Willard Hess.

A book of manners.—Must be complete and to the point.
—Stanley B.

Something to make E. P. stop talking before she has quoted the whole book.

To have Charles S. recite without saying: "And therefore."

The latest "edition de luxe" has been found by the Sophomores (E. Phenning, walking history.)

D NOTES.

PRECEPTS LAID DOWN FOR FRESHMEN.

1. To thine own self be true.—But anything goes with the Professor.

2. The meek shall inherit the earth.—Freshmen please keep off.

3. The course of true love never runs smooth, neither does a mathematical course.

4. A word to the wise is sufficient, but the Freshmen need a dictionary.

5. If at first you don't succeed—borrow an old note book.

I love my teacher,
My teacher loves me,
Between us both
We always agree.
—Miss Custer and Harry Au.

Miss Feldner doesn't seem to know the difference between the ringing of the signal and the striking of the clock.

Miss Aberle to Philip on his return from the South when he found Heloise in his seat.—"Phillip, would you object if Heloise sat in your seat with you?"

Mr. Palmer—"Miss Jones, may I speak to you?"
Miss Jones—"Certainly, anything may speak to me."

Three is a crowd and when the third person is the girl's mother it is a vast multitude.

REVERIES OF ALVIN CASTOR.

You would think to hear her foot-steps
As she walks across the floor,
That her shoes were number sevens
And her feet were number four.

—Hazel L.

James C.—"When my brother plays on his musical instrument every one stops to listen."
Ethel Mc—"Why, what instrument does he play?"
James C—"He blows the whistle in a factory."



Athletics.



ALUMNI GAME.

December 22, the high school team met an alumni team on the Y. M. C. A. floor and were defeated, 39-19. The high school boys put up a good game and showed hard practice. Capt. Griesinger put up a fine game for the high school, while Moore and E. Meese were the stars of the opposing team.

H. S.	LINE-UP	ALUMNI.
F. Griesinger	R. F.	Moore
W. Griesinger, Bushnell	L. F.	O. Meese
Williams	C.	E. Meese
Atkinson	R. G.	Sattler
Jones	L. G.	Twitchel

Field baskets—Moore 8, E. Meese 6, O. Meese 1, Sattler 3, F. Griesinger 3, W. Griesinger 2, Atkinson 1, Williams 1.

Baskets from fouls—E. Meese 3, F. Griesinger 3.

Alternate referee and umpire—Alan and Pifer.

Time of halves—Twenty minutes, each.

Shreve Game.

The B. B. team went to Shreve, Friday evening, Dec. 29, and returned defeated by the score 46-12. The Shreve team was not a high school team, but the players were members of Company H, outclassing the local team in experience, age and weight.

Shreve.	line-up	H. S.
Murray	R. F.	Bushnell, F. Griesinger
Eddy	L. F.	Dill, W. Griesinger
Manson	C.	Williams
Kerr	R. G.	Atkinson
Charles	L. G.	Jones

Field baskets—Bushnell 2, Dill 2, Shreve ——.

Baskets from fouls—F. Griesinger 5, Bushnell 1.

Shreve Game.

In the game with Shreve at the Y. M. C. A., Jan. 5, Mansfield was defeated by the score 21-17. The game was hotly contested and very exciting. The high school boys put up a strong game, playing much faster than their opponents. At the very start F. Griesinger made 3 baskets from difficult positions, but Shreve woke up and at the end of the first half the score was 14-10. The second half was evenly contested, each team caging 7 baskets.

Shreve.	line-up	H. S.
Murray	R. F.	F. Griesinger
Eddy	L. F.	Dill, W. Griesinger
Manson	C.	Williams
Kerr	R. G.	Atkinson
Charles	L. G.	Jones

Field baskets—Eddy 3, Charles 2, Manson 1, Kerr 1, W. Griesinger 2, Atkinson 1, F. Griesinger 5.

Baskets from fouls—Eddy 7, F. Griesinger 1.

Canal Dover Game.

Jan. 12, the team was defeated at Canal Dover, the score be- 25-10. The boys put up a good game but could not withstand the hard playing of the Canal Dover team.

Cleveland Game.

The team journeyed to Cleveland, Jan. 19. Although the score, 39-10, tells of defeat, our boys put up a hard game and were beaten only on account of the floor, which was much larger than the one they are used to practicing on. Their passing was fine.

Ashland Game.

The B. B. team went to Ashland, Jan. 26, and was defeated by the score 33-16. Although Capt. Grieinger and his men put up a snappy game they were beaten, for Ashland not only had the advantage of having played more games this season, but also of having larger and stronger members on the team. Williams and Atkinson put up a good game.

ASHLAND.	LINE-UP	B. B.
Bemendoerfer	R. F.	F. Griesinger
Burkhart	L. F.	W. Griesinger
Hiller	C.	Williams
Kirchbaum	R. G.	Jones
Burnworth	L. G.	Atkinson

Field baskets—Burkhart 9, Hiller 7, F. Griesinger 1, W. Griesinger 2, Williams 2, Atkinson 1.

Fouls—Kirchbaum 1, F. Griesinger 4.

Marion Game.

The high school team was again defeated, when it met the representative five from Marion on the Y. M. C. A. floor, Feb. 22. It was one of the hardest fought, and at times the roughest game, that has ever been played on the local floor. The Marion five succeeded in securing a total of 18 points, while the local team scored 15 points.

ASHLAND.	LINE-UP	H. S.
Sells	R. F.	F. Griesinger
Grills	L. F.	W. Griesinger, Bushnell
Gillett	C.	Williams
Ross	R. G.	Dill
Young	L. G.	Atkinson

Baskets from field—F. Griesinger 2, Williams 2, Dill 1, Sells 2, Grills 4, Gillett 1.

Baskets from fouls—F. Griesinger 4, Williams 1, Sells 4.

Referee—W. Wise; umpire, Harbermann.

GIRLS' GAME.

Preliminary to the boys' Marion game, the 'Varsity and (Scrubs) Scrub teams of the girls from the high school played a game, the 'Varsity winning by the close score, 6-5. The game was very slow.

SCRUBS.	LINE-UP.	'VARSITY.
Miss Hedges	R. F.	Miss Bingner
Miss Them	L. F.	Miss Spencer
Miss Brooks	C.	Miss Cunningham
Miss Sloane, Baughman	G. C.	Miss Hossler
Miss Eberle	R. G.	Miss McBride
Miss Castor	L. G.	Miss Barnes

Field baskets—Miss Them, Miss Hedges, Miss Bingner.

Baskets from fouls—Miss Them 1, Miss Spencer 3, Miss Bingner 1.





As we look at the great number of exchanges now pouring in from all sides, we notice the great improvement over last year in the stories published. It is no longer necessary for the perplexed editor to rail against the usual football stories, and sentimental love stories. Now, nearly every exchange contains several sparkling, witty, clever stories of interesting plot, and written in a good style. All this speaks well for the future of American journalism.

The enterprising Tooter is such a hustler that we can hardly interview one number before another arrives. But they are all good, anyway.

The Owl, Fresno, Cal., is large in size, but the brains of the editors must also be unusually large, for every part of the paper contains something good.

The College Echoes, Siloam Springs, Arkansas, is a new paper on our list. Its best feature is the exchange column.

We are glad to receive the Pharos again.

The cuts in the Lyceum, Chillicothe, O., at once attract the reader's eye, and are artistic, humorous or suggestive, as occasion demands.

The Marietta Original for January, has a cover that we like well, and which is an index to the excellent contents.

The Hyah, Tacoma, Wash., is the only exchange received by us which is entirely managed and controlled by girls. The Hyah, besides numerous bright stories, also gives us pleasant glimpses of seminary life.

For the Christmas cover of the Record, Wheeling, W. Va., we can use no other adjective than sweet.

The Owl, Fredericktown, O., would be improved by a better quality of paper and of printing.

The Bulletin, Montclair, N. J., is the brightest paper, in appearance and literature, we receive. The second prize story in the January number should be read by all.

Such editorials as we find in the January number of the Shawnee Arrow on the New Year, are a help and inspiration to those of us who, all over this wide country of ours, are spending our last year in school.

From the vivid description of the Junior Senior Banquet in the Stator for January, we feel as if we had been there too, and enjoyed the good times, (and incidentally the refreshments.)

We always expect something new and interesting from the Caldron, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and the number on School Organizations does not disappoint us. The appropriate cover, the numerous cuts of the fraternities and other school organizations, and the clever writeups are all to be commended. The Christmas number was also very artistic. We are very sorry that in our last issue Mr. Hamilton's drawings were attributed to the Blue and Gold, instead of the Caldron.

The Echo, Kenton, O., shows in its first issue material for future success. As good advice to a young paper, may we say that it looks better not to mix up advertisements and reading matter.

The very least that can be said of the Retina, Toledo, O., is that it is "simply great," and occupies a foremost place among our exchanges.

The Mt. Vernon H. S., O., is putting forth a good paper in the Forum. Although in its first volume, it is one of the most interesting papers we receive.

The Orange and Black, Spokane, Wash., has a very realistic cover for its January number. However, the Orange and Black is in need of a larger number of stories in proportion to its other material.

We hope some one will kindly furnish a new vocabulary for our exchange editors.

Mary had a little lamb,
With fleece as black as soot,
And into Mary's cup of milk
He put his dirty foot.
Now, Mary, a straightforward girl,
Who hated any sham,
Ripped out a naughty little word
That rhymed with Mary's lamb.—Ex.

There was a young man from the city,
Who said: "What a beautiful kitty."
It wasn't a cat,
He didn't know that,
They buried his clothes. What a pity?—Ex.

Crumbs of comfort never come from eating crackers in bed.
—Ex.

French may be charming
And Dutch very well,
But Greek is outrageous
And Latin is—very bad.—Ex.

What man sews that shall he also rip.—Ex.

"What is plumage?" asked a teacher.

"Plumage," said a little fellow, "is the foliage which grows on a parrot or hen."

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
Until the man on whom it fell
Came round and gave me ——
My, but it was horrible.

Teacher looking over geography paper—"What's this," "The people of Boston are very stupid, where in the world did you get that idea?"

Pupil—"Out of the book." It says: "Boston is noted for its dense population."

The other day one of the faculty was severely injured in the accidental discharge of his duty. It will not happen again.—Ex.

Late again,
Trolley block,
Or else forgot
To set the clock.
Makes no difference,
There's a rule,
Half an hour
After school.—Ex.

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail,
Well, I never; was his comment,
Here's a mule that's been in jail.—Ex.

The farmer sows his crop
His good wife sews his clothes,
The farmer darns the weather
His good wife darns his hose.
The farmer pitches in the hay
But should he cross her whim,
The good wife lays aside her work
And pitches into him.—Ex.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 2,000.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And thetsodium alkali;
For I'm going to make a pie, mama,
I'm going to make a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a grain of phosphate
And the carbon and cellulose!
Now give me a chunk of casein, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat;
And give me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostab
And if the electric oven is cold
Just turn on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.—Ex.



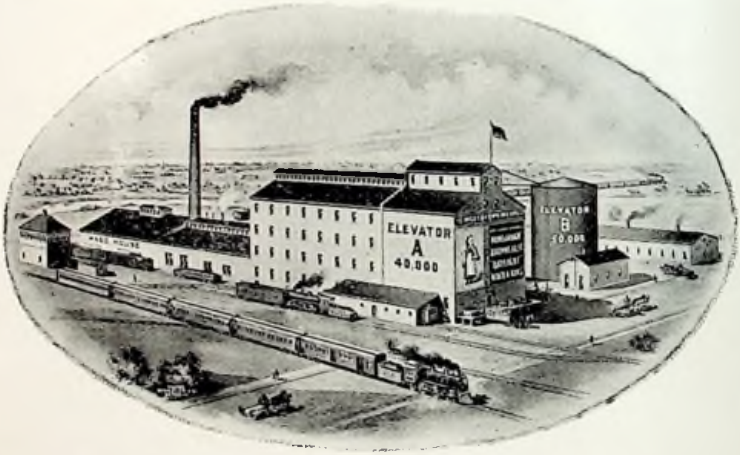
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2,600?

Do you
Use
THE
MANSFIELD
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